

PDC

# CRIME

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NO. 43

## DOES NOT PAY

*all* **TRUE**  
CRIME  
STORIES

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

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Attention  
A FULL-SIZE  
**52** PAGE  
MAGAZINE!  
NO SKIMPING!

BIRO





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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# "CASE OF THE LOVE SICK CLOWN"

A TRUE  
Story

CHICAGO--

MIRTH AND MURDER JOINED HANDS WHEN BEAUTIFUL SOPHIE SINGER AND HER SWEETHEART TOOK ROOMS AT A BOARDING HOUSE ...

GREETINGS, FOLKS! YOU WOULD BE MISS SINGER AND MR. WORTHEN! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

OH!!

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH FOR HOW CAN THE AUDIENCE KNOW THAT THIS TIME YOUR PERFORMANCE IS A SMILE OF DEATH!



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YOU'RE REALLY VERY CLEVER, CHARLES! I ENJOYED MYSELF A GREAT DEAL!

THAT'S SWELL! I WANT YOU FOLKS TO COME ANYTIME YOU FEEL LIKE IT! I CAN GET YOU TICKETS!

THANK YOU, MR. CONWAY! BUT WE'LL BE QUITE BUSY!



SO YOU'LL BE QUITE BUSY! WELL MAYBE SOPHIE WON'T BE!



THUS DID THE WEEKS SPEED BY AND EACH WEEK CHARLES CONWAY'S LOVE BECAME STRONGER...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, WITH YOU, CHARLES? YOU'VE BEEN SURLY AND GROUCHY! YOU'RE NOT VERY KIND TO YOUR WIFE THESE DAYS!

OH, BE QUIET! I'VE GOT A LOT ON MY MIND!



YES, I BELIEVE YOU HAVE! SOPHIE'S CUTE, ISN'T SHE?

SOPHIE! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? CAN'T I TALK TO PEOPLE?



YES, DEAR! YOU CAN TALK TO PEOPLE!

GOODBYE!

**SLAM**



THAT BOY-FRIEND — HE'S GOING TO WORK!



SOPHIE! I..ER... WILL YOU COME TO THE CIRCUS WITH ME THIS AFTERNOON? WE CAN HAVE DINNER AFTERWARDS!

OH, THAT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU BUT I'M BUSY! I DO THINK YOU'RE VERY FUNNY, THOUGH!



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SOPHIE! IT'S ME, CHARLES! I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GETTING TOO SERIOUS TO SEE! GO AWAY, FUNNY MAN!



YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! I'VE GOT TO HAVE YOUR LOVE!

GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE!



YOU'RE MAKING A COMPLETE FOOL OF YOURSELF, AND I'LL HAVE NO MORE OF IT! NOW GO BEFORE I CALL YOUR WIFE!

SO THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL!



WELL, IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, NOBODY SHALL! NOBODY, DO YOU HEAR!



NOW YOU'RE SORRY—NOW YOU'RE SORRY YOU CALLED ME A CLOWN, AREN'T YOU?



THOSE LIPS WILL NEVER SPEAK OF LOVE TO ANYONE ELSE—THAT I KNOW!

HA HA HA HA HA HA



SHE'S DEAD! HA! HA! HA! SHE'S DEAD! DEAD!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT! WHICH WAY IS THE BODY!

SHE'S UPSTAIRS! OH, IT'S HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE!

THE KILLER MADE SURE SHE WAS DEAD ALRIGHT, STUFFING THIS HANDKERCHIEF DOWN HER THROAT! SO YOU'RE HER BOYFRIEND! EVER SEE THIS HANDKERCHIEF BEFORE?

YES, IT'S MINE— SHE GAVE IT TO ME!

YOUR SILK HANDKERCHIEF, EH? THAT MAKES IT LOOK BAD FOR YOU, SON!

I DON'T CARE HOW IT LOOKS— SOPHIE..GONE... THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!

INSPECTOR, THE CONWAYS, A CIRCUS COUPLE LIVING HERE, HAVE BEAT IT! THEY TOOK THEIR LUGGAGE AND SNEAKED OUT THE BACK ENTRANCE! INSPECTOR, WHO ARE THEY?

HE'S A CIRCUS CLOWN AND SHE'S A BAREBACK RIDER! I'M SURE CHARLES CONWAY WAS TRYING TO MAKE LOVE TO SOPHIE!

WITH SUCH BRAZEN FACTS BEFORE HIM, THE INSPECTOR LOST NO TIME IN ACTING! A CHECK ON THE CONWAYS REVEALED THEY HAD RELATIVES IN OHIO. HE GUESSED THEY WOULD HEAD FOR A HIDEOUT THERE—AND HE WAS RIGHT—FOR LATER...

THAT'S THEM, ALRIGHT! THE DESCRIPTION FITS PERFECTLY!

LET'S GO!

ALRIGHT, CONWAY, YOUR CLOWNING DAYS ARE OVER! GET READY TO LEAVE WITH US!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU MEAN! MY NAME'S CROWLEY!

NO MORE TALK! START MOVING!

STOP! STOP! I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE! CHARLES DID IT! BUT I LOVE HIM! AND I'LL STICK BY HIM!

SHE DID STICK BY HER HUSBAND BUT AT A GREAT SACRIFICE!

CONWAY WAS GIVEN LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR HIS CRIME AND HIS WIFE, FAITHFUL TO THE LAST, PROMISED TO WAIT FOR HIM AND NEVER TO MARRY ANYONE ELSE— THUS, DID THE CLOWN, CHARLES CONWAY, LEARN THAT THERE IS NO HUMOR IN MURDER!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

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THROUGH THE HAUNTED STREETS OF SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, STALKED TWO OF HISTORY'S MOST HORRIBLE GHOULS—HARE AND BURKE! IT WAS THE YEAR 1829—THE YEAR IN WHICH TWO NIGHTMARISH CREATURES BEGAN THE BLOODIEST PARTNERSHIP IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME—THEIR BUSINESS—MURDER, THEIR MERCHANDISE WAS CORPSES!

# "Ghouls' Gold"

Drawn By JACK ALDERMAN

Story By ROBERT BERNSTEIN



IN THE WORST SECTION OF SHEFFIELD, BURKE AND HARE OWNED A TRAMPS' HOTEL,....

UPSTAIRS...

GOOD FOR NOTHING CHEAT-ROBBER! GIVE US THE FOUR POUNDS RENT YOU OWE US!

KICKING A CORPSE WON'T RAISE OUR MONEY, HARE! HOWEVER I'VE GOT A SCHEME TO MAKE DONALD PAY US BACK WITH INTEREST!



THIS IS A TRUE CRIME STORY OF MURDER AND TREMENDOUS SUSPENSE AND IMPACT



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

**T**HE BUM IS SOON BURIED....

ASHES TO ASHES AND DUST TO DUST!

AND DONALD TO US, AT MIDNIGHT, EH, HARE?



**M**IDNIGHT...

IT SEEMS I'VE DUG TWELVE FEET ALREADY! WHERE IS THAT RAT'S COFFIN?

PATIENCE, BURKE, WE'LL SOON HAVE THE BODY!



AH, LOOK AT 'IM SNORIN'. LIFT 'IM GENTLY, BURKE, SO YOU DON'T WAKE UP THE STIFF, HA! HA!

DON'T WORRY, HARE! NOTHIN' BUT JUDGMENT DAY'S GOING TO WAKE 'IM UP!



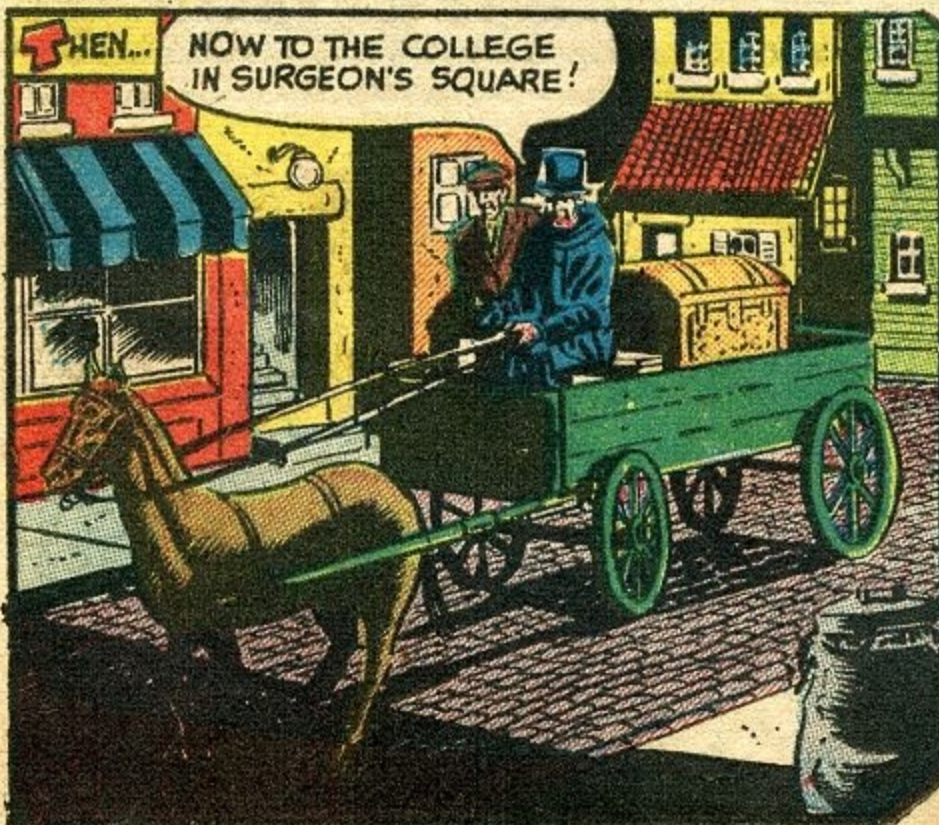
UGH!! HE'S HEAVY... PITY WE CAN'T SELL 'IM BY THE POUND!



DON'T KNOW AS DONALD'LL TURN TO DUST... BUT HE'S TURNED TO BRUSHWOOD PLENTY FAST!



**T**HEN... NOW TO THE COLLEGE IN SURGEON'S SQUARE!



**S**OON AFTER, IN SURGEON'S SQUARE...

YES, I'M KNOX! WHAT THE DEVIL'S THE IDEA OF WAKING ME UP AT THIS HOUR?

YOUR PARDON, DR. KNOX - WE HAVE SOMETHING TO SELL YOU... CHOICE GOODS!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



ON THE WHOLE, NOT A BAD CORPSE, MR. HARE! I CAN USE AS MANY AS YOU CAN DELIVER ME...FOR COLLEGE DISSECTION WORK!

TEN POUNDS! OH, DR. KNOX, WE SHALL KEEP YOU WELL SUPPLIED FOR THESE PRICES!



BACK AT LOG'S LODGINGS...

TEN POUNDS A CORPSE! AYE! THAT'S A FINE PRICE! I WISH WE COULD FIND MORE CORPSES!

FIND THEM? I SAY, LET'S MAKE MORE!



A WONDERFUL IDEA! BUILD UP OUR OWN MARKET AND WE'LL BEGIN BUSINESS AT ONCE!



ON SECOND THOUGHT WE'D BETTER NOT USE KNIVES! SHE MUSTN'T MAKE ANY OUTCRY! WE'LL SMOTHER THE OLD CROW!

WHO'D THINK THE WRINKLED HAG'D BE WORTH TEN POUNDS!



YEOW!

HURRY WITH THAT PILLOW, BURKE! SHE'LL WAKE UP THE DEAD!



I DIDN'T THINK THE OLD GIRL HAD THAT MUCH LIFE IN HER. SHE WON'T DIE EASILY!

TWO MORE MINUTES, BURKE, AND WE'LL BE BACK IN BUSINESS!



TO-MORROW YOU TAKE OUR DEAR DEPARTED LODGER TO DR. KNOX! TELL HIM SHE'S YOUR AUNT! MEANWHILE I'LL HUNT FOR MORE ADDITIONS TO OUR "FAMILY"!!!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





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FINE, BURKE! FINE!  
THAT FINISHES HIM! --

STUBBORN  
TAR!

UGH!



**A**N HOUR LATER...

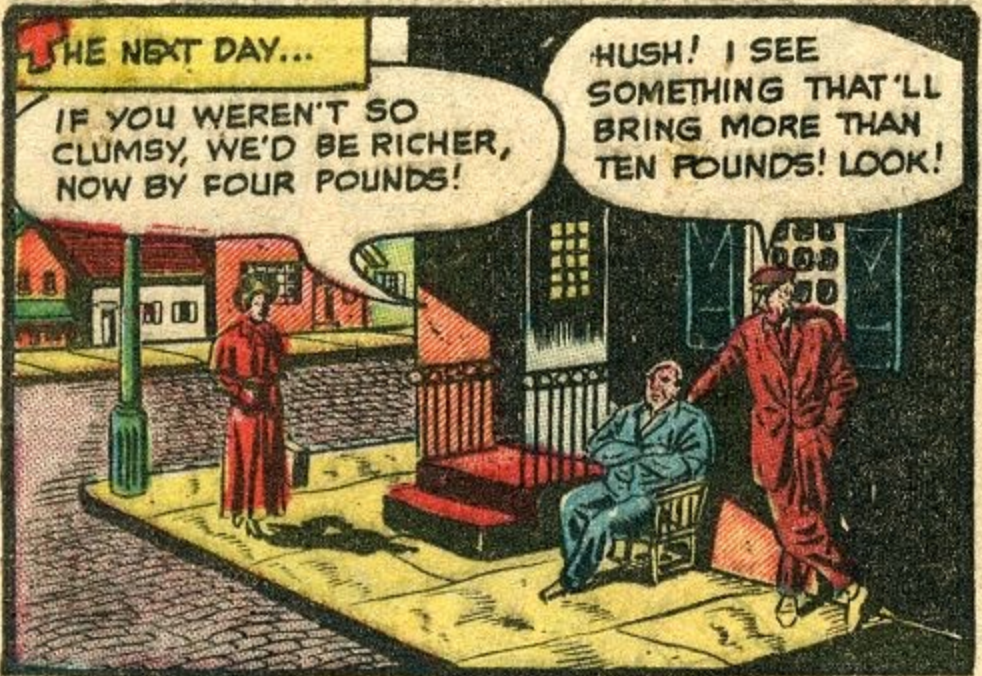
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS  
ONE. HE LOOKS DONE IN...  
SUSPICIOUSLY DONE IN!  
MAYBE MURDERED!

OF COURSE HE WAS  
MURDERED-IN A  
TAVERN BRAWL!  
THE POLICE GAVE  
US HIS BODY TO  
BURY SINCE HE  
HAD NO FAMILY!



WELL, YOU GET  
LESS BECAUSE  
THE BODY'S  
DAMAGED! SIX  
POUNDS!

SERVES  
'IM  
RIGHT-TO  
GET MIXED  
UP IN A  
TAVERN  
FIGHT!



**T**HE NEXT DAY...

IF YOU WEREN'T SO  
CLUMSY, WE'D BE RICHER,  
NOW BY FOUR POUNDS!

HUSH! I SEE  
SOMETHING THAT'LL  
BRING MORE THAN  
TEN POUNDS! LOOK!



I'M MARY PATTERSON... I'M  
VISITING MY UNCLE IN TOWN, SO  
I'LL ONLY STAY THE NIGHT!

EXCELLENT!  
YOU'LL HAVE A  
VERY PLEASANT  
NIGHT AND A  
FINE REST AT  
LOG'S LODGINGS.



**T**HAT NIGHT...

'TWOULD BE BEST  
NOT TO STRUGGLE,  
MY PRETTY! IT WILL  
BE OVER IN A SECOND,  
WON'T IT BURKE?

AYE! WE'LL  
MERELY  
SUFFOCATE  
YOU, MY  
YOUNG  
PRETTY  
ONE.. IT  
WON'T HURT  
MUCH!  
HEH! HEH!



MMMPHH!!

ISN'T SHE  
SILLY TO  
FIGHT LIKE  
THIS, WHEN  
SHE KNOWS  
SHE MUST DIE?

SHE  
STRUGGLES  
LIKE AN  
AMAZON!  
WHEW!



**A**T DR. KNOX'S ANATOMY ROOM.

SUPERB! A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN-  
THE FINEST OF ALL THE FORTY  
CORPSES YOU'VE SOLD ME!

THAT'S WHAT WE  
THOUGHT! MAYBE YOU  
COULD GIVE US 15 POUNDS  
FOR HER?



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

**B**UT THE JANITOR OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL MADE A TERRIFYING DISCOVERY...

MARY! MRS. MCGOWAN, LOOK! M-MY NIECE, MARY, LYING HERE DEAD! SHE'S BEEN KILLED! OHHHH!

LAND SAKES, MR. PATTERSON! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



**L**ATER...

WE BELIEVE THAT GIRL WAS MURDERED, DR. KNOX! WHO SOLD YOU HER BODY?

TWO MEN NAMED HARE AND BURKE...THEY OWN LOG'S LODGINGS NEAR WESTPORT. THIS IS MERE STUFF AND NONSENSE!



**S**HORTLY AFTER, AT LOG'S LODGINGS, BUSINESS AS USUAL...

SORRY I HAD TO STAB HER, BURKE, BUT SHE WAS SCREAMING TOO LOUD! NOW WE WON'T GET MORE THAN 5 POUNDS FOR HER!

WELL, THAT'S THE LUCK IN THIS RACKET, HARE—CAN'T EXPECT PROSPERITY ALL THE TIME!



**J**UST THEN, A POLICE RAID....

WE'VE CAUGHT THEM RED-HANDED! GET THEM!

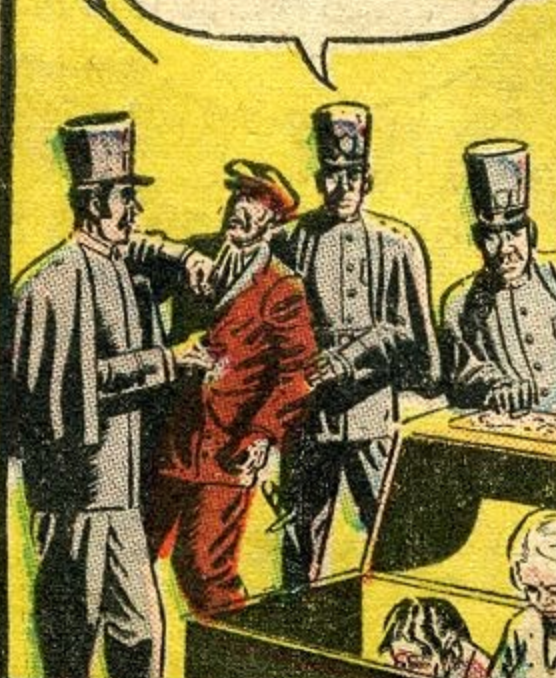
SOMEONE'S BETRAYED US! YEOW!

EEEEEE!

GOOD! THE PAVEMENT'LL STOP HIM!

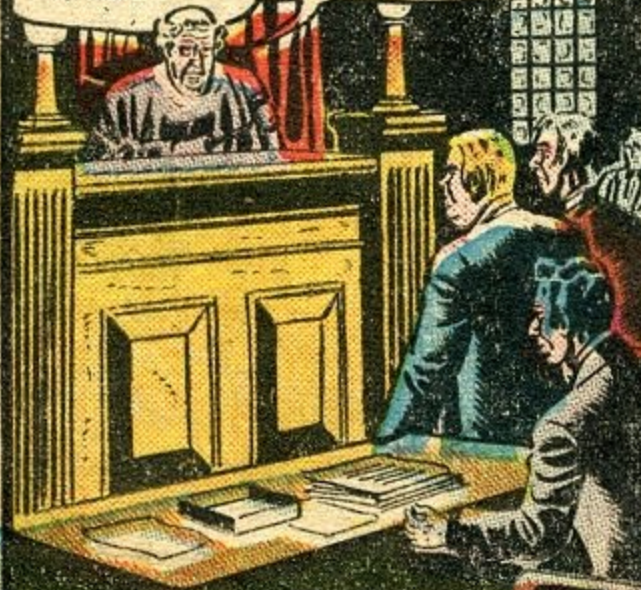


**O**WW! YOU FIENDS WILL SUFFER MORE THAN A FALL AND RAP ACROSS THE KNUCKLES BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH WITH YOU!



**F**INALLY—JUSTICE CAUGHT UP WITH HARE AND BURKE....

FOR THE CRIME OF KILLING FORTY-THREE PEOPLE IN COLD BLOOD, THERE IS NO PUNISHMENT HORRIBLE ENOUGH FOR YOU—ALL WE CAN DO IS HANG YOU AND WE WILL!



**S**O MONSTROUS WAS THE EFFECT OF BURKE'S CRIMES ON THE MIND OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE THAT IN "HONOR" OF ITS ORIGINATOR, THE WORD "TO BURKE" IS DEFINED IN THE DICTIONARY AS THE ACT OF SMOTHERING OR CHOKING....



Jack Alderman



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# DOCTOR OF EVIL

A  
TRUE  
STORY



The STORY OF THE FAKE  
'DOC' MORAN IS THE STORY  
OF A SLIMY BEING WHO ASSUMED  
THE DISGUISE OF A DOCTOR TO  
HELP THE MOST VICIOUS KILLERS  
IN THE UNDERWORLD! 'DOC' MORAN  
WAS ESPECIALLY EVIL TO THE LAW  
BECAUSE HE 'PUT TOGETHER' WHAT  
THE POLICE HAD ALREADY SHATTERED,  
HE 'MENDED' WHAT THE LAW HAD  
RIGHTFULLY BROKEN! 'DOC' MORAN  
WAS MORE THAN A CRIMINAL... HE  
WAS A TRAITOR TO HUMANITY!  
THIS IS HOW HE CAME TO HIS  
VILE END...

VERNON  
HENKEL



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MORAN STARTED HIS LIFE OF CRIME BY BEING KICKED OUT OF MEDICAL SCHOOL...

DRUNKARDS, LIARS AND THIEVES DO NOT MAKE DOCTORS, MORAN! AND YOU'RE ALL THREE ROLLED INTO ONE! WE'VE TAKEN ENOUGH FROM YOU AND NOW YOU'RE THROUGH! MORAN, YOU'RE EXPELLED AND YOU WILL NEVER BE ALLOWED TO STUDY MEDICINE ANYWHERE!

WHO CARES, YOU ROTTEN OLD BILLY GOAT! THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF YOU AND YOUR MEDICINE!



SOON AFTER, IN A SPEAKEASY...

ONE OF THE MARTUCCI GANG PUMPED FIVE BULLETS INTO 'IM! HE NEEDS A DOCTOR BADLY!

HEY, MORAN! YOU'RE A SAWBONE! FIX THE KID UP AND YOU'LL GET PLENTY FOR IT!

ME? SURE, SURE! I'M THE BEST DOCTOR IN THE WORL'... SURE, LEAVE 'IM T' ME! I'LL FIXSH 'IM GOOD!



DE LASHT BULLET! PRETTY BULLET... NOSE STILL NICE AN' SHARP!

OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!



THE BULLS! WE'RE TRAPPED! OKAY, COPPERS, YOU ASKED FOR IT! I'LL OPEN UP ALL RIGHT—WITH A GUN!

THISH AIN'T EAZSHY WITH AN ICEPICK! YOU SHOULD SHEE ME GO T'TOWN WITH REAL TOOLSH... AH, THERE'SH THE THIRD BULLET!

ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! ONLY HURRY! THE BULLS ARE RIGHT BEHIND US AND COULD'VE PICKED UP OUR TRAIL BY NOW!



**BANG!**  
**BANG!**



I'LL OPEN UP YOU BULLS I'LL... YAAAAA...

HERE, MORAN, YOU'RE IN THE SAME RAT TRAP—FIGHT IT OUT!

YEAH, SURE!



AARRRGH..

YEOWWW! MY ARM! D..DON'T SHOOT!! GIMME A BREAK! D..DON'T SHOOT—PLEASE!

GET ON YOUR FEET, YOU RAT!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MORAN WAS SENT TO JOLIET PENITENTIARY AND WAS PUT TO WORK IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL. BUT AGAIN, HE MADE TROUBLE.

SLIPPING DRINKS AND KNIVES AND TOOLS TO THE CONVICTS—YOU WANT ME TO ADD TO YOUR SENTENCE, MORAN?

WARDEN, I'M A SMART BOY! YOU ONLY HAVE TO WARN ME ONCE, AND I'M CURED! I GOT MY MEDICINE AND IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

HERE YOU ARE, OLLIE! BE CAREFUL WITH THE STUFF! THE WARDEN'S WISE TO ME! AND REMEMBER, SOMEDAY I WANT TO GET PAID OFF FOR ALL THIS!

WHEN I GET ON THE STREET AGAIN, MORAN, YOU'LL BE MY BOY! NOTHIN' WILL BE TOO GOOD FER YA! EVEN WHEN THEY SPRING YA BEFORE MY TIME YOU'LL GET YER REWARD!

WHEN MORAN FINISHED HIS SENTENCE...

HEY, BUD, YER NAME MORAN? OLLIE BURG WROTE US YOU WERE GETTIN' SPRUNG TODAY! WE GOT OUR ORDERS TO FIX YOU UP WITH ANY-THING YOU WANT!

SO OLLIE BURG MEANT WHAT HE SAID! OKAY, GUY, I NEED PLENTY OF FIXING UP!

OLLIE SAID I SHOULD GIVE YOU THIS FOR A STARTER! HE WANTS YOU TO SET UP AN OFFICE IN CHICAGO AND TAKE CARE OF US. ONCE IN A WHILE WE GUYS GET INTRODUCED TO SOME SLLIGS!

NEAT IDEA! I GET YOU GUYS FOR PATIENTS, EH? WELL, WITH THIS KIND OF FEES, I'M GOING TO LIKE MY WORK!

LIKE YER SET-UP, MORAN? WE GOT YA THE BEST NEIGHBORHOOD IN CHICAGO FOR A GOOD FRONT!

A REGULAR DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE! THAT'S ME!

"DOC" MORAN STARTED, PRACTICING DURING THE PROHIBITION GANG-WAR DAYS...

DUCK! IT'S BLACKIE BORDEN'S MOB!

SWEET— LIKE DUCKS ON A POND!

YAAAAAA!

RATATAT



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

OHH...I'M DYIN'...  
I'M D..DYIN'! GET  
ME TO M.,MORAN!

THAT'S WHERE  
WE'RE GOIN', KID!  
MORAN'LL FIX YOU  
UP LIKE HE FIXED  
LEFTY!

MORAN! HURRY  
OVER—YOU KNOW  
WHERE! THE KID  
CAUGHT A HANDFUL  
OF STORMCLOUDS!

TOO BAD! WELL,  
THE SILVER LINING'S  
ON HIS WAY!..BE  
THERE IN TEN  
MINUTES!



YOU AIN'T  
GOIN' TA  
LET ME  
DIE, ARE  
YA, DOC?

NAW, KID! JUST  
RELAX—ONLY BAD  
THING, THOUGH, IT'S  
GOING TO HURT!  
I'VE GOT NO  
ANAESTHETIC!

HE'S OUT LIKE A  
LIGHT— COULDN'T  
STAND THE PAIN, THE  
SISSY! BUT HE'LL LIVE!  
WANT ME TO TAKE  
A PEEK AT YOUR  
CUTS, NOW?

YEAH, DOC!  
GEE, THE  
KID'S  
SLEEPING  
LIKE A  
BABY! HE  
OWES HIS LIFE  
TA YA, DOC!  
YOU'RE OKAY!

HE TREATED HIS PATIENTS UNDER  
ALL SORTS OF CONDITIONS!

SLOW DOWN,  
YOU LUG!  
WANT ME TO  
RIP HIM  
OPEN?\*

CAN'T HELP  
IT, DOC! WE'VE  
GOT TO MAKE  
DUST TO  
INDIANAPOLIS!



I KNEW I'D KILL  
HIM OPERATING  
AT THAT  
SPEED!

SO IT'S THE STIFF'S HARD LUCK!  
WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS BANK  
DOUGH TO INDIANAPOLIS! THEY  
WON'T FIND THE JERK DOWN  
THIS CLIFF FOR A WHILE,  
ANYWAY!

BY FLASHLIGHT...

I'LL KILL  
HIM! THISH  
ISH LIKE  
WORKING  
BLIND!

IF YOU DIDN'T  
DRINK SO MUCH,  
YOUR HANDS  
WOULDN'T SHAKE  
SO MUCH—AND  
YOU COULD FEEL  
YOUR WAY INTO  
HIS CHEST!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IF DOC'S BOOZE-SHAKY HANDS SLIPPED, IT WAS JUST TOO BAD. LIFE WAS CHEAP IN GANGLAND!

HE DESERVED IT!  
VERY POOR PATIENT!  
HE DIED ON  
ME!

WHO WOULDN'T!  
SOON YOU WON'T  
EVEN BE ABLE TO  
HOLD A BOTTLE-  
LET ALONE A  
KNIFE!



"DOC" MORAN'S DOWNFALL BEGAN WITH HIS ASSOCIATION WITH THE DILLINGER GANG...

WELL, WE'VE PASSED THE ILLINOIS BORDERLINE NOW, HAMILTON! TOMORROW WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY OUT OF ILLINOIS WITH PLENTY OF MOOLA!

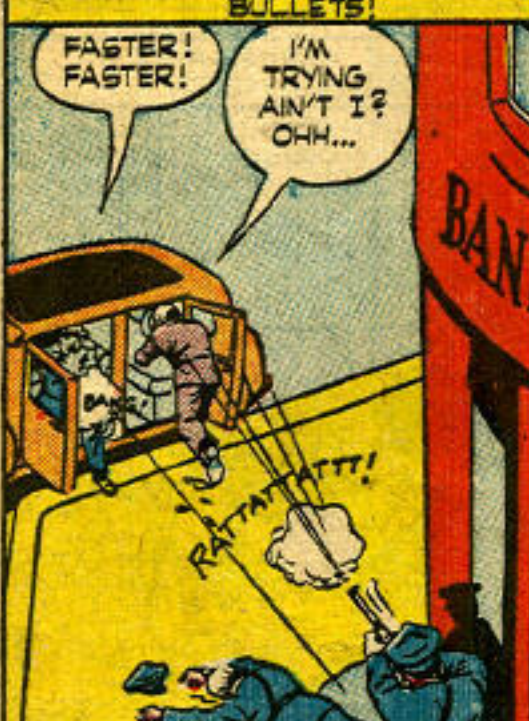
WE OUGHT TO, JOHNNY! THAT BANK ROBBERY'S BEEN PLANNED FOR MONTHS!



BUT JOHN DILLINGER'S SIDE-KICK WAS STRUCK BY SEVEN BULLETS!

FASTER!  
FASTER!

I'M TRYING  
AIN'T I?  
OHH...



BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH HIM? HE'S CAUGHT SEVEN BULLETS!

TELEPHONE DOC MORAN! THE BOYS SAY YOU CAN COUNT ON HIM! I'VE GOT TO CATCH A PLANE FOR TUCSON—THE GANG'S WAITING FOR ME THERE!



WHEN "DOC" ARRIVED...

AFTER YOU POUR THAT WATER, POUR ME A DRINK! I'M NERVOUS. HAMILTON'S HOT AS FIRE! THE FBI'LL BE SWARMING DOWN MY NECK! I WAS A FOOL TO BOTHER WITH HIM!

CAN IT!  
YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU—THAT'S WHY YOU CAME!



HAMILTON RECOVERED, ONLY TO BE MORTALLY WOUNDED WHEN THE FBI CAUGHT UP WITH HIS GANG AT A RESORT CALLED "LITTLE BOHEMIA" IN WISCONSIN...

YOU GOTTA GET ME TO CHICAGO! DOC MORAN'LL FIX ME UP AGAIN—ONLY HURRY! THIS P..AIN'S KILLIN' ME!



WELL, DIDN'T YOU GET HIM TO MORAN?

YEAH! WHAT ABOUT HIS DOCTOR?

HE AIN'T HAD NO DOCTOR! WE WENT TO SEE MORAN, BUT WHAT DID HE DO? TURNED US DOWN COLD! WOULDN'T TREAT ANYBODY IN THE DILLINGER GANG! SAID HE WAS SORE AT THE DILLINGER CROWD! MORAN WAS DRUNK!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IN HALF AN HOUR, HAMILTON DIED FROM LOSS OF BLOOD AND GANGRENE...



MORAN KILLED HAMILTON! MORAN TURNED YELLOW ON US! THAT AIN'T GONNA BE HAPPY FOR MORAN! NOW WE BETTER BURY HAMILTON! EVEN AS A CORPSE HAMILTON IS TOO HOT! BURY HIM SO NOBODY FINDS HIM, OR HELL GET US ALL IN A JAM!

DIDJA HEAR? MORAN LET HAMILTON DIE WITHOUT LIFTING A HAND TO SAVE HIM! RUSS GOBSON IS GOING TO SETTLE WITH DOC!

NOTHIN' NEW! DOC'S NERVE IS GONE! THAT DON'T MAKE HIM RELIABLE NO MORE! GOBSON'S RIGHT!



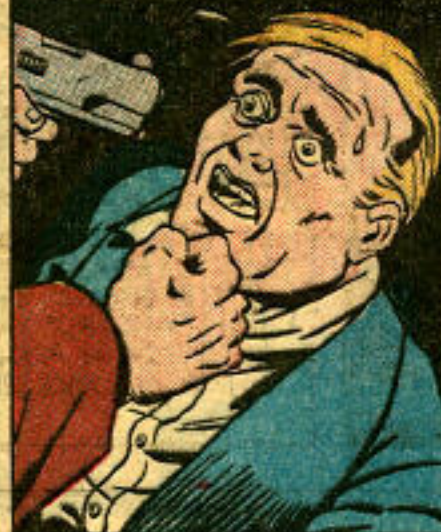
ONE DAY, TWO OF GOBSON'S MOBSTERS CALLED ON MORAN.

PLASTIC SURGERY? SURE I CAN DO IT! I CAN DO ANYTHING!

IT BETTER BE A GOOD JOB!



OR ELSE!



SOME WEEKS LATER AT GOBSON'S HIDEOUT...

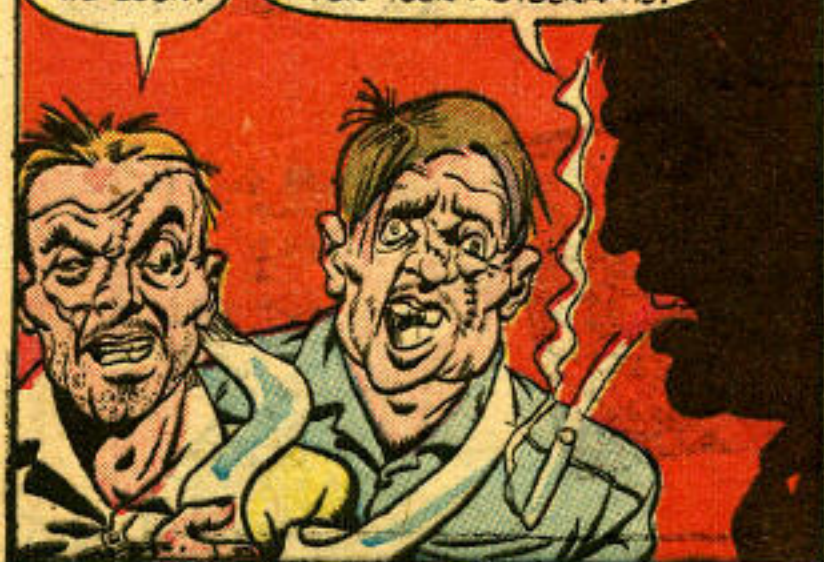
ALL RIGHT—PEEL! DOC WAS SUPPOSED TO FIX YOU SO YOUR MOTHERS WOULDN'T KNOW YOU! LET'S SEE WHAT HE DONE!

I ASKED HIM TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE TYRONE POWER!



WELL, WHATCHA QUIET FOR? H..HOW DO WE LOOK?

SO DOC WAS GONNA FIX YOU UP LIKE MOVIE STARS, EH? WE'RE SENDING FOR DOC—MAYBE HE'LL ASK YOU BOYS FOR YOUR AUTOGRAPHS!



OH, DOC, CAN YOU RUN DOWN TO THE HIDEOUT? THAT PLASTIC JOB YOU DONE FOR THE BOYS TURNED OUT SWELL! WE WANNA PAY YOU SOMETHING EXTRA FOR IT!

I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN, RUSS! DON'T GO 'WAY!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WELL, HERE I AM! SHOME SHPEED! SHAY, WHA... WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' WITH TH' G..GUNS?

YOU GOT A LITTLE REWARD COMING TO YOU, YOU DRUNKEN RAT!

THINK I'M AFRAID OF YOU? THINK I'M AFRAID OF ANY OF THISH MOB? YOU CAN'T HURT ME! I'VE GOT THISH GANG IN TH' PALM OF MY HAND!

NO! N-NO! EEEEEKKKK...

BANG

BANG

BANG

BANG

BANG!

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH STONES ON HIM TO ANCHOR HIM TO THE BOTTOM FOREVER!

RUSS GOBSON DEAD; MOST OF GANG KILLED

SO DIED 'DOC' MORAN, DOCTOR OF EVIL! AND IT WAS SOON AFTERWARDS THAT THE FBI ROUNDED UP THE ENTIRE GOBSON GANG, KILLING GOBSON IN A GUN FIGHT AND PUTTING HIS 'BOYS' EITHER ON MORGUE SLABS OR IN PRISON! AS FOR 'DOC' HE IS STILL SOMEWHERE IN LAKE ERIE — CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

## PRE-WAR... WAR... POST-WAR!!!

NOW AS ALWAYS THE

# BIG 3

LEAD THE COMIC PARADE!

Remember  
'DAREDEVIL',  
'BOY',  
and 'CRIME does not pay'

GIVE YOU THE  
MOST FOR YOUR  
DIME!



LEV GLEASON  
publisher  
CHARLES BIRO  
and  
BOB WOOD  
editors

"THE TEAM  
THAT CAN'T  
BE BEAT!"



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

# WHO DUNNIT MYSTERY?

Drawn By JACK ALDERMAN

SEE IF YOU CAN FIND The Murderer!



CAPTAIN HENDERSON



ARTHUR JONES



TOM CLUGSTON



MISS SMITH



CHARLES BARKER



CORAL WHEELER

**THE GAIN RODE THE WAVES WITH THE MARY LOU AND ONE OF THE ABOVE IS A KILLER... CAN YOU DISCOVER... WHO DUNNIT??**

WELL, FOLKS, WE COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER DAY FOR A SAIL!

IT'S LOVELY! WILL WE BE GOING FAR OUT TO SEA, CAPTAIN?

I DON'T USUALLY LIKE TO TAKE MY FRIENDS OUT TOO FAR, MISS BLAKE, BUT I SUSPECT WE CAN TAKE A REAL TRIP IN THIS GAIN WEATHER!

**B**UT NEARBY AT A NAVY WEATHER STATION...

THE OLD BARCHMETER'S SHAKING FAST... SOON THE STORM WARNING BONGS... CALL IN ALL SHIPS... LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SLOW!

YES SIR!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

**L**IKE A MADDENED BEAST THE HURRICANE SWEEPS DOWN ON THE MARY LOU...



WHOA! SO THIS IS THE BEAUTIFUL DAY WE WERE SPEAKING ABOUT... TAKE THE TILLER, MR. KING! WE'RE PULLING IN SAIL AND HEADING BACK!

RIGHTO!

**B**UT THE FURY OF THE STORM MOUNTS RAPIDLY...



WHAT'S WRONG, CAPTAIN? WE SEEM TO BE GOING FURTHER OUT TO SEA!

THE WINDS TOO STRONG FOR US... WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SIT IT OUT!

TOSS IT OUT, YOU MEAN!

**B**UT AN EVIL HAND HAD SETTLED ON THE MARY LOU AND HER CREW... FOR TWO DAYS AND TWO NIGHTS THE STORM BATTERED HER FARTHER AND FARTHER OUT TO SEA...



**F**INALLY A GREAT BLAST WEAKENED THE STOUT MAST... AND...



ETHEL!

CRACK!



IS SHE HURT BADLY?

THE MAST... IT HIT HER SHOULDER-I DON'T KNOW!

CAPTAIN, DO YOU HAVE ANY MEDICAL SUPPLIES?



NO! I HAVE NO MEDICAL SUPPLIES ABOARD AND ONLY A GALLON OF WATER AND A BOX OF CRACKERS LEFT FOR FOOD..

GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT WILL WE DO?

IT CAN'T LAST FOR EVER... WE'LL MAKE IT ALRIGHT!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

**A**NOTHER TWO DAYS PASSED...  
APPETITES AND TEMPERS  
FLARED UP...

TWO OUNCES OF  
WATER AND A  
CRACKER! IS THAT  
ALL WE GET?

GREAT  
HEAVENS,  
CAPTAIN...  
CAN'T  
WE HAVE  
MORE THAN  
THAT!

I'M  
THE  
CAPTAIN  
OF  
THIS  
BOAT...  
EACH  
ONE WILL  
GET HIS  
JUST SHARE  
AND NO MORE,  
EXCEPT FOR  
MRS. SPEERS...  
BECAUSE OF  
HER CONDITION  
SHE WILL  
RECEIVE  
DOUBLE  
RATIONS!



**A**ND AS THE DAYS PASSED  
THE STORM ABATED BUT  
THE MARY LOU WAS MANY  
MILES OUT TO SEA... DEATH  
WAS MOVING IN...



**M**INDS BECAME  
CLOUDED...

NOT MUCH  
WATER LEFT...  
MRS. SPEERS  
NEEDS MORE!

THAT SICK  
WOMAN...  
WHY DOES  
SHE NEED  
SO MUCH  
WATER?

IT ISN'T RIGHT  
TO SAY... BUT IN  
HER CONDITION  
SHE PROBABLY  
NEEDS MORE TO  
SURVIVE!

PLEASE DON'T  
GIVE ME MORE  
THAN MY SHARE!



SPEERS, I KNOW  
YOU'RE GIVING  
YOUR RATIONS TO  
YOUR WIFE...  
YOU'VE GOT TO  
TAKE YOUR OWN!  
THIS SUN WILL  
GET YOU!

SO WHAT...?  
WHAT DIFFERENCE...  
IF IT WILL  
SAVE HER  
LIFE!

WHY DID  
IT HAVE TO  
BE HER... WHY  
COULDN'T THE  
MAST HAVE HIT  
ME... WHY?  
WHY?

TAKE IT  
EASY,  
SPEERS!  
YOU  
SHOULDN'T  
GET TOO  
EXCITED  
IN THIS  
SUN!

GREAT HEAVENS!  
CAN'T YOU STOP  
HIM FROM  
HUMMING LIKE  
THAT!

WHAT'S  
HE  
SINGING?  
MR. SPEERS  
IS A  
COMPOSER,  
THAT'S  
HIS  
NEWEST  
MELODY...  
LET HIM  
ALONE!





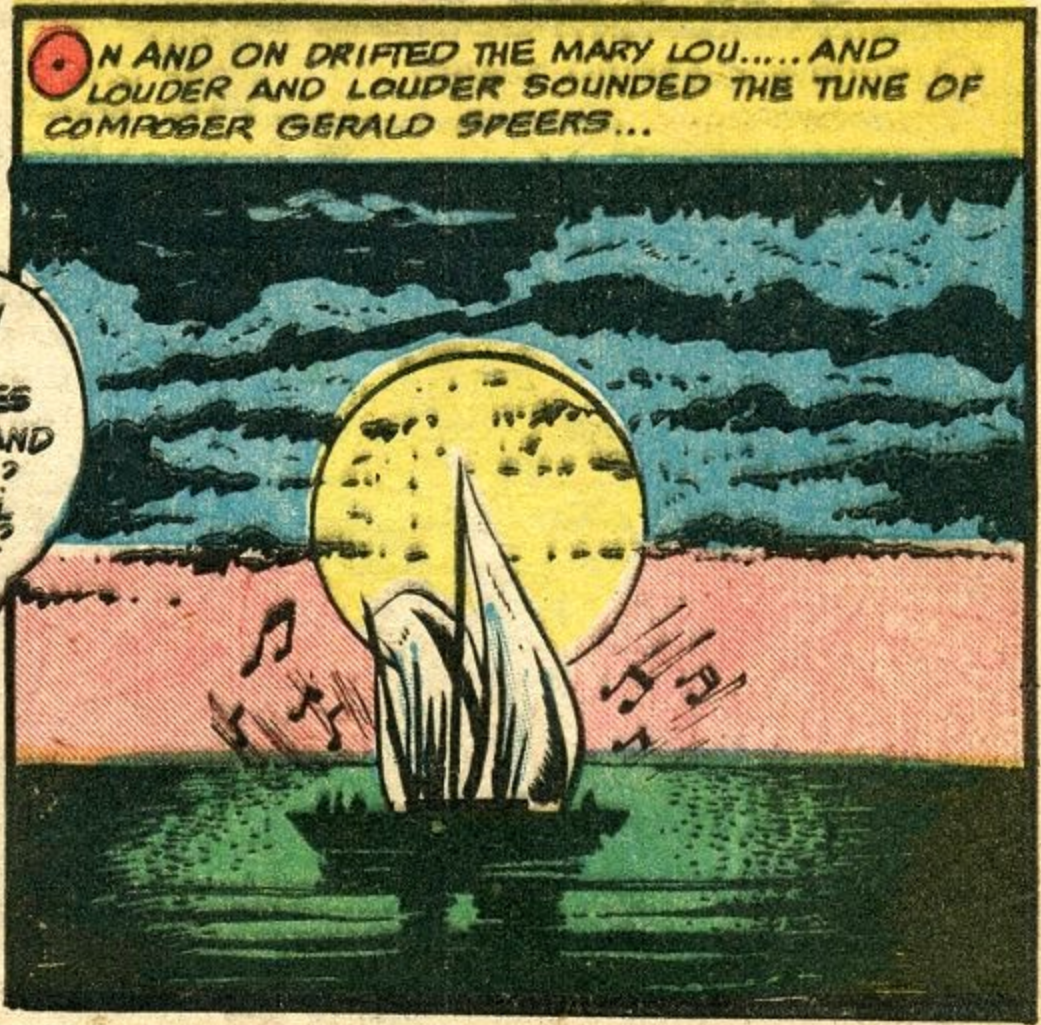
# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



LET HIM ALONE? HE'LL DRIVE US ALL MAD... DO SOMETHING!

TAKE IT EASY, MISS BLANE TRY TO RELAX... WE'LL BE HAVING OUR RATIONS AGAIN SOON!

RATIONS! HA! HA! TWO OUNCES OF WATER AND A CRACKER? DO YOU CALL THAT FOOD?



ON AND ON DRIFTED THE MARY LOU.... AND LOUDER AND LOUDER SOUNDED THE TUNE OF COMPOSER GERALD SPEERS...

IN THE COOL OF NIGHT ONLY THE HUMMING OF GERALD SPEERS CAN BE HEARD OVER THE STILL WATERS....



POOR GUY... HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND... PROBABLY WE'LL ALL BE SOON!



I HAVEN'T MUCH LONGER, DARLING... I WANT... SOMETHING... OF YOURS... TO GO WITH ME...

SWEET GIRL... BLASTED SHAME! GOTTA GET SOME SLEEP!



NEXT MORNING..

'EEE..YAA!'



THEY'RE GONE! THE SPEERS HAVE DISAPPEARED!

GOOD HEAVENS! ... OVERBOARD!

HE WAS MAD... MUST HAVE TAKEN HER OVERBOARD WITH HIM!

PERHAPS! BUT HE WAS PRETTY WEAK-OUT OF HIS MIND MOST OF THE TIME!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

**D**ETECTIVE CURRANS THINKS OTHERWISE...

I WANT EACH OF YOU TO TELL ME WHAT YOU HEARD LAST NIGHT... ONE OF US MIGHT HAVE KILLED THEM FOR THE RATIONS!

HOW FANTASTIC! I HEARD NOTHING!

NEITHER DID I... MAYBE SHE ROLLED OVER BOARD, AND HE WENT AFTER HER!

ONE OF HER HANDS MIGHT HAVE DRAGGED IN THE WATER ...A SHARK MIGHT'VE SNATCHED AT THE SHINY BRACELET SHE WORE!

HOW ABOUT YOU, CURRANS... JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A DETECTIVE DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE FREE FROM SUSPICION!

NO IT DOESN'T BUT I'M NOT WORRIED... FOR YOU SEE....



..I KNOW WHO KILLED MR. AND MRS. SPEERS AND WILL PROVE IT ONE DAY... IF WE ARE RESCUED!



**T**HE NEXT DAY...

A BOAT... THEY SEE US... OH, THANK HEAVENS!

IT'S A FREIGHTER... WE COULDN'T HAVE LASTED ANOTHER DAY!

GREAT GLORY! AT LAST!



**T**HEN...



DETECTIVE CURRANS... YOU SAID YOU KNEW THAT SOMEONE HAD MURDERED THE SPEERS AND WHO IT WAS!

I DID, INDEED! ARTHUR KING KILLED THE SPEERS! HE KNEW THAT WITH THEIR DEATHS HE WOULD HAVE A LARGER RATION TO LIVE ON... BUT HE MADE ONE GREAT BLUNDER!



IS DETECTIVE CURRANS RIGHT IN HIS ACCUSATION—AND IF SO—WHY? TURN THE PAGE AND FIND OUT!!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU SAID THE NEXT DAY THAT A SHARK MIGHT HAVE BEEN ATTRACTED TO MRS. SPEERS' BRACELET WHEN SHE HAD HER ARM IN THE WATER AND DRAGGED HER IN! MRS. SPEERS WORE NO BRACELET UNTIL THE NIGHT OF HER DEATH WHEN SHE PUT ON HER HUSBAND'S, FEARING SHE WAS GOING TO DIE... I SAW HER DO IT... NO ONE BUT THE KILLER COULD HAVE KNOWN SHE WORE A BRACELET AT THE TIME OF HER DEATH!

YOU SWINE!  
LIAR!



ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT!  
I CONFESS! I WAS  
OUT OF MY MIND!  
I'M THE KILLER!



**Crime**  
**DOES NOT PAY!**

13 million men and women will wear one!!

IT STANDS FOR HONORABLE SERVICE  
TO OUR COUNTRY!



**WHAT  
DOES THIS  
MEAN?**

ALL MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE HONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMED FORCES WILL WEAR THIS BUTTON. REMEMBER, THEY HAVE SERVED AMERICA WELL, AND SO HELPED PROTECT THE THINGS YOU LOVE...YOUR HOME, YOUR FAMILY, YOUR FREEDOM!!! JOIN IN SAYING TO THEM "WELL DONE AND WELCOME HOME!"